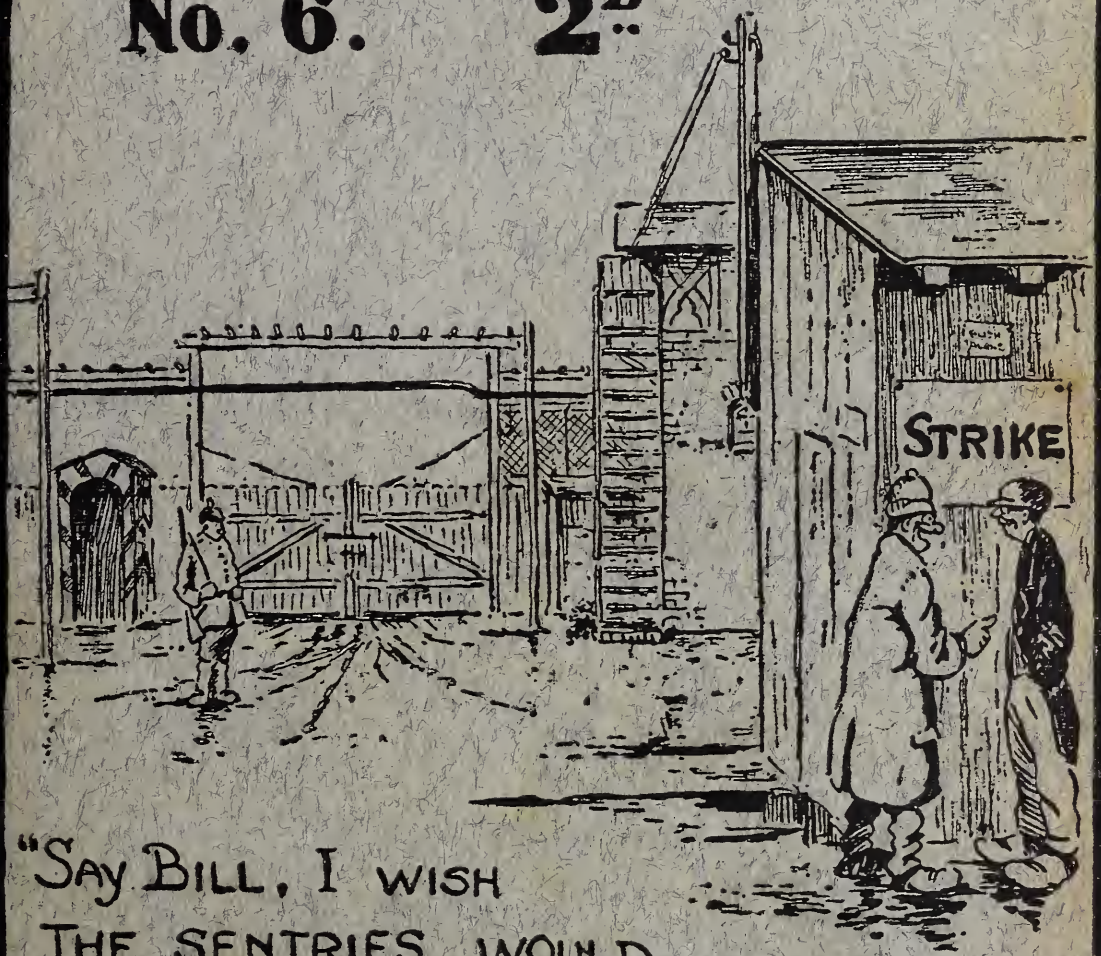
'IN RUHLEBEN CAMP'

No. 6. 2D.



"SAY BILL, I WISH THE SENTRIES WOULD STRIKE TOO"

ROBERT WALKER

AUGUST 29TH 1915.

Kindly note the
announcement on the
opposite page!

In RUHLEBEN CAMP

№ 6. August 1915.

THUS far the Camp has communicated with the Authorities at Home on the subject of our medal and our release, is it not time that in some way or other we indicated to the folks at home that the Ruhleben Camp is not an entirely self-centred, community, thinking only of its own little worries, with no thought whatever for those in far worse plight than ourselves and those who are making far greater sacrifice than those we have been privileged to make".

This is the question that Britishers in the Camp have been asking themselves and we feel that a comunication from a number of readers who wish to remain anonymous gives a fitting solution to the problem of how we may best manifest our sympathy to the folks at home. The suggestion they make is that a collection be made in the Camp with a view to raising a sum sufficient to endow a "Ruhleben bed" in one of our Red Cross Hospitals.

We feel that our readers would wish us to adopt the suggestion and place our organisation at the convenience of those who wish to carry out the scheme and accordingly next week we shall hand boxes to various relief officers and request them to retain them for a month.

We have decided to extend the duration of the collection over this period in order that those whose funds are small may have an opportunity of contributing their few pence each week and thus even the poorest Britisher in the Camp may subscribe his round shilling.

Remember — The boxes will not be taken to you — you must go to the box, as you will do if you are a true Britisher. The money will be extracted and counted in the presence of several responsible members of the Camp and then forwarded by us to the American Embassy with a request that same be handed to the Home Authorities with a note explaining the use we wish to be made of it.

ARTS & SCIENCE UNION

We are preparing a new programme of special lectures on literary, scientific & artistic matters for the winter.

Our popular lectures continue as usual.

We regret being unable to report any further progress in the matter of accomodation for the winter.

PHOEBE THIRSTS FOR KNOWLEDGE.

"IT's a terrible waste of time being here and doing absolutely nothing" said Phoebe, "I think we ought to make better use of it."

"Oh Phoebe! Have you caught that madness too. Come and watch the cricket."

"No, we won't go and watch the cricket, so there! You lie about in a deck-chair much too much, as it is. I've decided we shall study something, learn something together."

"Now, which do you mean, Phoebe? I wish you would express yourself clearly. You can study almost anything here, but I'll bet 10 — 1 you don't learn anything."

"Don't be silly. Why do you suppose all those people go to the lectures?"

"They don't go to the lectures, they go to sleep, or to indulge in dreams of happier days. There are no dreams like day-dreams and nothing like the soft, droning voice of a lecturer to conjure them up. There is one gentleman in particular, with a deep bass voice, whose lectures I never miss. The sound of those sonorous tones of his floating down the Grandstand is enchanting. Still, if you really want to go to lectures to listen to them, let's start with something light. There is a popular lecture just beginning now. What do you say?"

"All right."

It happened to be a lecture on Tuscany. The lecturer was discussing the map he had drawn on the black-board,

"There" said Phoebe proudly. "I've learnt something already."

"What is that" I enquired drowsily.

"Why, the town of Pisa has moved since the war started. It used to be inland, but now it's on the coast."

"I can't help it."

"Do you realise how important that is? It means another seaport for Italy."

"If it's there for good, and not only for the length of the lecture."

"Of course it is. You don't suppose they move towns backwards and forwards, do you? Here, wake up and listen to me. We shall go to all popular lectures in future. They will keep us informed about what is going on outside the Camp. We may hear all kinds of things we should never have heard otherwise."

"I consider it very probable indeed. A lecturer here said not long ago that Quebec was captured by the English in the 17th century."

"You're too particular."

"Hm."

"But we must do something besides go to these lectures. I want to learn something definite, so I can say when I get out, 'I did not waste my time in Ruhleben. I learnt how to dynamic a particle, there!' or something like that. Let's join one of these classes, you see everywhere."

"I really don't think you would care for them," I pleaded.

"Why not? Aren't the teachers — —?"

"On the contrary, we owe a debt of gratitude to the teachers and lecturers here."

"What is it then — the accommodation?"

"What a question! We've got a whole grandstand. True it's sometimes a little damp and draughty, and one works to an accompaniment of astonishing statements supported by amazing proofs and instructions that would make an anti-vivisectionist's hair stand on end, as for example — insert a pump, a bicycle pump will do — plus the difference between the square of — no, the, not ze, t, h, e, the — sign for pr, a thick curve backwards — and the young feeding on — the Spanish for backbone — use the pump with care and the medusa will — not bite unless you take — no, not ze, the I tell you — square of xy plus 27 — the fish will recover — if you make a small curve upwards — in the now distorted layer of cells of — the, I keep on telling you, can't you hear the difference, the, the, THE, not ze —. Still, the accommodation is not so bad, considering."

"Then what are you talking about?"

"The pupils. We suffer here from a peculiar migrating variety of the genus pupil. I don't know whether it is in the climate or not, but you cannot get them to stick to one thing for long. They float around from lecture to lecture,

A SLIGHT
RUHLEBEN SHOWER

from language to language, and end up as silly as they started. They have come to regard learning the first six chapters of Otto, or the first Berlitz book as a hobby, a pastime; but further than that you cannot get them to go. I do not suppose there is a single man in the Camp who cannot ask you how you feel, how you felt yesterday, in half a dozen languages; but I doubt if there are more than ten who can say what is wrong with them in three."

"But they may have nothing wrong with them."

„Impossible, else they would go to work in a different way."

"Indeed! And how would you go to work?"

"Like this, Phoebe" and putting my deck-chair down as low as it would go, I closed my eyes.

T. G.

THE STRIKE.

AT the moment of going to press the Camp is in a state of bewilderment. On every hand one hears questions as to what it is all about and we feel we shall only be performing our public duty in giving as concise and accurate an account of the affair as possible. At the end of May, the Captains decided to split the various activities of the Camp into sections and to entrust the control of each section to a committee nominated by the Captain in charge of that department. Thus Mr. Klingender, and later on Mr. Hawkins, took charge of the Education of the Camp and all educational bodies were placed under the control of the Education Committee nominated by him. In the same manner Mr. Thorpe took charge of the Entertainments and nominated a committee to control same. All properties of the then existing Societies, the Dramatic Society and the Irish Players, the Revue and the Variety Players, were taken over by the Committee without any previous consultation with them. Capt. Powell at the time declared that all these properties had been bought with Camp money and were Camp property although the labour had been supplied gratis by the Societies. The funds of the Societies were also impounded and these included Mk. 900.— odd, profits of the Revue and Mk. 900.— odd, handed over by the Variety Show for the installation of shower-baths.

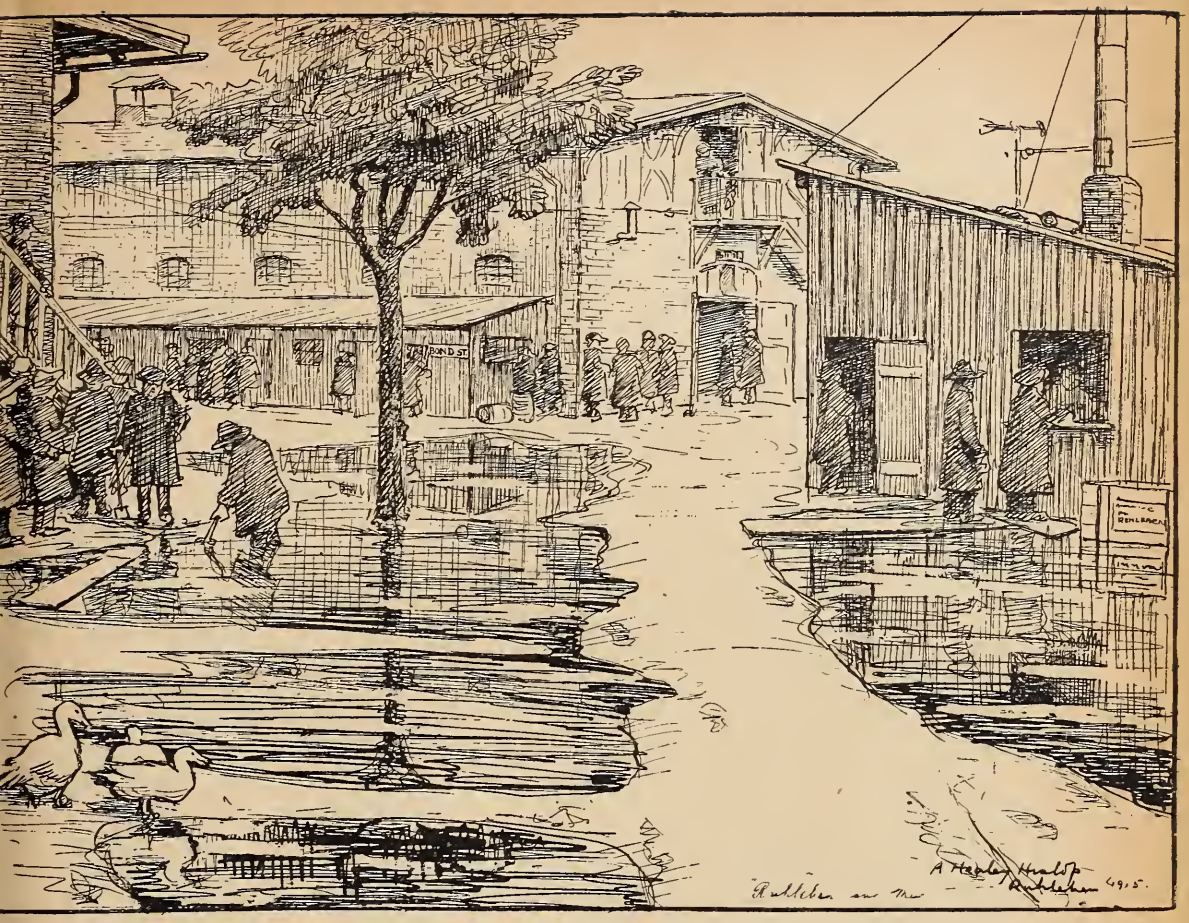
Since then all monies paid for entrance to shows have been handed over to the Entertainments Committee and they have disbursed the monies necessary to provide the properties. Up to the present despite repeated requests, the Committee has not presented a balance sheet to the Camp. The Committee as first nominated consisted of the following members: Chairman: Mr. J. Thorpe, and Messrs. Adler, Roker, Tapp. Crossland Briggs and Butterworth.

Mr. Butterworth resigned his seat some eight weeks ago, and Mr. Adler followed suit at the beginning of this month.

On June 21st the Musical Society requested representation on the Entertainments Committee. This was refused.

On July 26th the Dramatic Society resolved unanimously: "That this Society protests against the present constitution of the Entertainments Committee." This resolution was transmitted to the Captains. No reply was received.

On Aug. 2nd the Dramatic Society passed unanimously the following complaints addressed to the Captains:



1) In its Constitution the E. C. is entirely unrepresentative, in this way differing from other committees in which the Camp organisations controlled are represented by their officers.

2) It has accumulated large funds and regards the financial aspect of its affairs as of primary importance.

3) It permits the payment of large sums of money for the hire of costumes and effects by such persons as secure from it the use of the Hall, giving them at the same time the free use of all effects manufactured by the industry of members of the R. D. S. We, on the other hand are fully convinced that excellent entertainment for all classes of persons in turn may be given by ourselves and others with very modest outlay, and have ourselves shown the way in this respect. It is entirely against the interest of our country that money should go outside for the hire of things that could be made here.

4) It grants large sums of money to persons or bodies undertaking to amuse the Camp, this money being partly expended in payment of work which might be voluntary. In our opinion money should only be expended upon materials, or upon labour for which volunteers cannot be obtained. This society has never found any difficulty in obtaining volunteers for work of a purely manual and uninteresting nature.

5) The Costumes and effects made by the R. D. S. and now controlled by the E. C. are neglected and, further, are applied to purposes other than entertainment in the Hall.

6) The E. C. appears to be without a secretary, and its decisions are not regularly communicated formally and without delay to the organisations interested.

7) It undertakes costly structural alterations to the stage and scenery, without competent advice and consultation of the interests of all concerned.

We trust that you will therefore see your way to reconstruct the Committee on a satisfactory basis. We have invited other Camp Organisations to confer with us in order to formulate proposals for reconstruction, and to suggest general rules for the guidance of the Committee.

No reply was received to this.

On Aug. 11th, the representatives of the Societies met and drafted the following letter to Captain Powell:

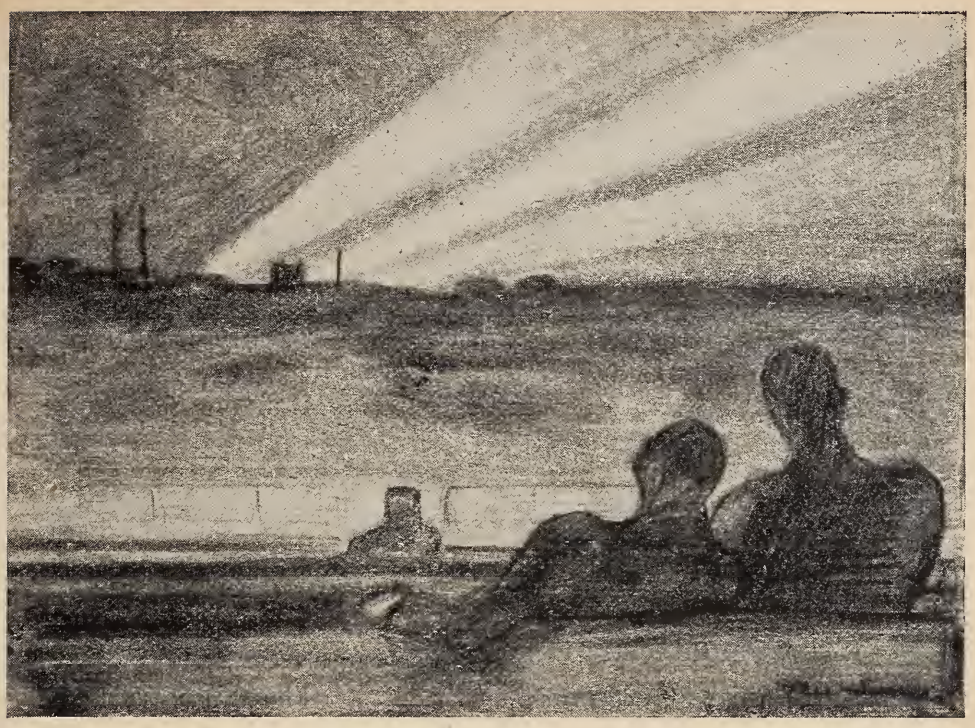
"The following Societies, the Ruhleben Dramatic Society, the Musical Society (including Orchestra), the Irish, French and German Societies, hereby beg to inform the Captains of the Camp that failing the dismemberment of the present Entertainments Committee and its complete re-formation along the lines submitted to the Captains, the above-mentioned Societies will cease activities in the Camp dating from Saturday, Aug. 14th. (Signed by the Secretaries of the Various Societies)"

At this point a Captain informed the Societies that Mr. Powell had never submitted the question for discussion at the Captains' Meeting nor had he announced to them the receipt of the two letters and accordingly the letter was withheld for 24 hours. It was then sent in and Mr. Powell called the representatives of the Societies together, informed them that the letter was nothing less that an ultimatum and demanded its withdrawal.

On consideration of the fact that even yet the matter had not been laid before the Captains' Meeting and not wishing to prejudice the matter in their eyes, the letter was withdrawn until Sunday 15th.

On Aug. 16th, Mr. Thorpe informed the Societies that the Entertainments Committee had been entrusted with the formation of a new Committee. He proposed that the Committee should consist of the following: Chairman, Capt. Thorpe; Vice-Chairman, Capt. Turnbull. Two outside members to be nominated by Mr. Turnbull and himself: Messrs. Tapp and Roker, and two members to be nominated by the Societies.

As this proposal meant that the Committee would consist of six nominees of the Captains' Office as against two nominees of the Societies controlled, the letter with regard to cessation of activities was again delivered to the Captains. On the following morning Mr. Thorpe met the Societies and offered to increase the number of the Societies' representatives to three, this was the utmost concession he could make. He also stated that the Captains' object on principle to representation.



Accordingly the Societies are doing no more work in the Camp until they receive the representation they demand and the Entertainments Committee produces a full Balance-Sheet.

Just previous to going to press (Wednesday August 25th) the Societies offered to accept Mr. Thorpe's proposed committee with the amendment that the Societies have four representatives, one for the R. D. S., one for Music, one for the Irish & German, and one for the French and presumably the Debating Society.

Mr. Thorpe, in whose hands the matter has been placed solely by the Captains, is now considering this proposal.

(For further discussion of this matter see "Holes & Corners.")

THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR —

THIS year, next year, now or never;
That's the question — shall we ever
See the spuds and onions growing
In the cabbage patch at home?
Watch the kiddies gaily blowing
Bubbles from the soapy foam?

Sitting by the fireside fender
Roasting chestnuts on the ember —
(Sweet the memory, and tender) —
You and wifey — you remember.
This year, next year, now or never;
That's the — damn it! — Shall we ever?

IT is generally understood, that the weird sounds we have had inflicted upon us during the past fortnight, by Mr. Jacko, on the extraordinary new instrument, are the results of earnest endeavours to put into practice his conception of Mr. Leigh Henry's Futurist Theories.

ABOUT the photo of the Baby, a contributor takes us to task for advertising for the fond parent, "when everyone knows that the one and only Dadd can be found at any time in Barrack 10, Gartenplatz — applying overload tests to other people's deck-chairs". We apologise. We never think of great things at the right moment.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Anstey for choosing the song "Anchored" with which to delight us, at a recent Promenade Concert. The title seemed to describe our plight here very aptly.

WE understand that the "Trial by Jury" is to be given shortly. It is surely time to protest, haven't we enough trials as it is, without inflicting more upon ourselves? We should have thought that of all the operas of the immortal Savoyards, "Patience" was the one to suit Ruhleben.

A friend of ours, who suffers agonies from indigestion, caused no doubt through living on a tinned diet, has in consequence a red and inflamed complexion. This is not his only woe, he tells us that innumerable persons have accosted him, much to his annoyance, and in mysterious whispers asked "How did you get it in?"

WILL readers please note that we have still a few copies of Nos. 1, 3 and 5, which may be had at their original price on application to the Printing Office. Copies of the French plays "Un Opère Sans Douleur" and "L'Anglais — tel qu'on le parle" are also to be had at the same office, price 35 Pf. each.

ON another page we give a history of the events which have led up to the "strike" of the dramatic societies and the orchestra but have refrained from prejudicing the mere recital of the facts by any comments of our own.

The dispute is one of vital interest to the Camp, because the issue will affect the future attitude of the Captains to the Camp. The two most noteworthy features of the affair are the Captains' objection to the principle of representation on committees and secondly Mr. Powell's treatment of letters handed to him as the representative of the Captains' Office.

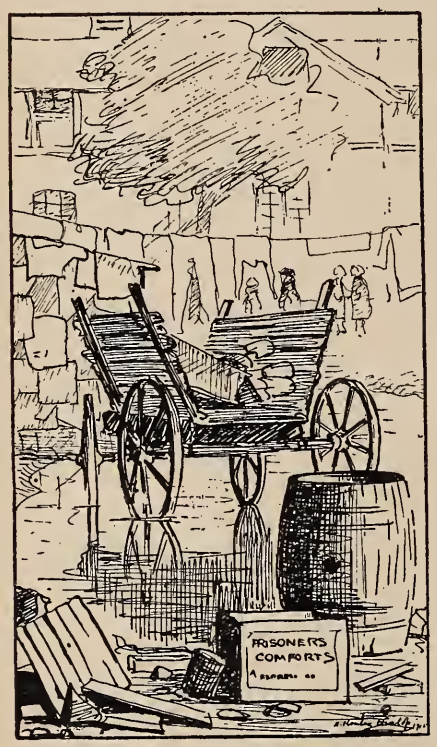
On Aug. 2nd a letter from the Dramatic Society setting forth their complaints with regard to the Entertainments Committee was handed to Mr. Powell but on Aug. 12th, it appeared that he had spoken of that letter to only three of his brother captains and had never put the matter before a Captains' meeting. We believe that Mr. Powell declares this to be an oversight but we know he has not apologised for the oversight, unfortunate and liable to misconstruction as it was. We hope that Mr. Powell will realise that even from its Captain of Captains the Camp expects civility and must insist on having it.

Mr. Thorpe has suggested the following committee: Chairman: Capt. Thorpe; Vice-Chairman: Capt. Turnbull, Messrs. Willis and Cotterill as "outside members" but nominated by Mr. Thorpe, Messrs. Tapp and Roker, also nominated by Mr. Thorpe and three members to be nominated by the combined societies controlled.

This is to say, the Captains' Office is to nominate six members and the Societies, the people who, mark you, do the work, are to nominate only three. Do the Captains seriously suppose that so autocratic an idea as this will be entertained by their fellow-prisoners?

If we may venture to make a suggestion which we think would satisfy all parties, we propose that the Committee be composed of nine members as follows, Chairman: Mr. Thorpe, who is deservedly popular with us all, four members nominated by him as representing the Captains' Office, four members nominated by the Societies. Thus we should have a committee which would preserve the Camp from the boiling over of dramatic-enthusiasm and at the same time from a too drastic interference of the Captains' Office in our Camp Entertainments.

WE are glad to hear that our latest Camp undertakings, the R. X. D. and the Supplies Delivery are both flourishing. The Express delivery has delivered during the month dating from July 19th to August 19th 5151 letters and post cards. The best days, that is to say the busiest days, for our Camp postmen are Mondays & Tuesdays but Committee meetings and the arrival of goods ordered at the canteen has much to do with the state of the post boxes. Their record day was August. 1st, on which the R. X. D. delivered no less tham 559 communications The Camp magazine has of course provided a great deal of work, 989 copies of No. 5 were ordered for instance, and the round thousand taken over by the R. X. D. was sold by them. At all events the future of the R. X. D. is secure.



By the way we hear it is just possible that the new Entertainments Committee will give our idea of ordering theatre tickets through the Camp post a trial.

The Stores delivery Co is also well on its legs now and is supplying a long-felt want. Its record day was last Saturday, when it delivered 260 orders to a value of over M. 400.— Saturday is of course the busiest day and for that day alone the staff is increased by 6 messengers, bringing the total number to 12.

The number of orders is increasing at an everage of 10 per day, and the new concern is now paying its way.

BY the way, another suggestion to the new Entertainments Committee, whatever its constitution, for two nights in the week preserve us from our friends, that is to say allow no, entertainment or lecture to take place and throw the hall open for smoking and a free and easy smoking-concert if the men care to arrange one. —

ENGLISH students of German in the Camp will be interested to hear that Mr. Stein is forming a new society to be called the the Ruhleben Society for German Drama and Literature. Among those who are responsible for the new society are a number of the gentlemen concerned in the excellent production of Dr. Klaus, and some members of the English Dramatic Societies. The new Society is keen on offering opportunities to the student of bettering his acquaintance with the German language and literature. Besides interesting itself in the production of plays, the society will arrange evenings devoted to German literature.

Mr. Stein will be pleased to receive names of those wishing to join.

A special meeting of the Dramatic Society was held in the shed on Friday last. Mr. Woodthorpe who had called the meeting moved the following resolution; — "That Mr. Powell be asked to offer a written apology for his not having acknowledged the Society's letters, and that upon receipt of his apology the R. D. S. withdraw its ultimatum and recommence negotiations for the reconstruction of the Entertainments Committee". In moving Mr. Woodthorpe suggested as a possible solution that Mr. Thorpe's suggestion as to the constitution of a committee viz Captain Thorpe, Captain Turnbull, Messrs. Willis, Cotterill, Tapp & Roker (all nominees of the Captains' office) and three representatives of the combined societies be adopted, Messrs. Tapp & Roker to have no vote.

Mr. Reynolds seconded the motion and severely criticised the committee for their action in ceasing activity as they had done.

Mr. Danhorn retorted that the gentlemen who had brought forward the motion had a chance of speaking at the last meeting but had not even voted against the strike. He criticised those people who while still attending the R. D. S. meetings and not even voting against a strike when given the chance, were all the time arranging a black-leg show — Mr. Hersee was the offender he referred to.

Eventually Messrs Woodhorpe & Reynolds resigned their membership of the society and walked out of the meeting, and a second later Messrs. Hersee & Crossland followed suit amid applause.

A resolution declaring the meeting's entire confidence in the Committee & its actions was passedunanimously.

WE are sorry that Mr. Higginson's little holiday prevented our including his portrait among the gentlemen who have made our theatre possible for us but we shall "snap" him for next time.

"Hulloh, Bill, Where are you off to now?"

"I'm going to be measured for another suit."

"I suppose you'll go to Steinbock again. It's surprising, nearly everybody goes there. Why is that?"

"Well, you see, if you want a really good suit and don't want to spend much money, that's the place for you to go.

"How is it that fellow makes everything so cheap; does he pinch his cloth?"

"Nonsense Jack, he doesn't pinch it, but he gets his cloth from wholesale manufacturers in large quantities and besides, he works on the American system."

"I think you're right, I shall go to Steinbock at the Grand Stand Hall too next time. Good-bye." **ADVT.**

"THE FRIVOLITY" RUHLEBEN.

"BUT you must have got awfully fed-up in the evenings surely?"

"Oh no we had heaps to do as a rule. We played chess or read and then once or twice a week we went to the theatre."

"The theatre? Oh I suppose you mean you had amateur shows eh?"

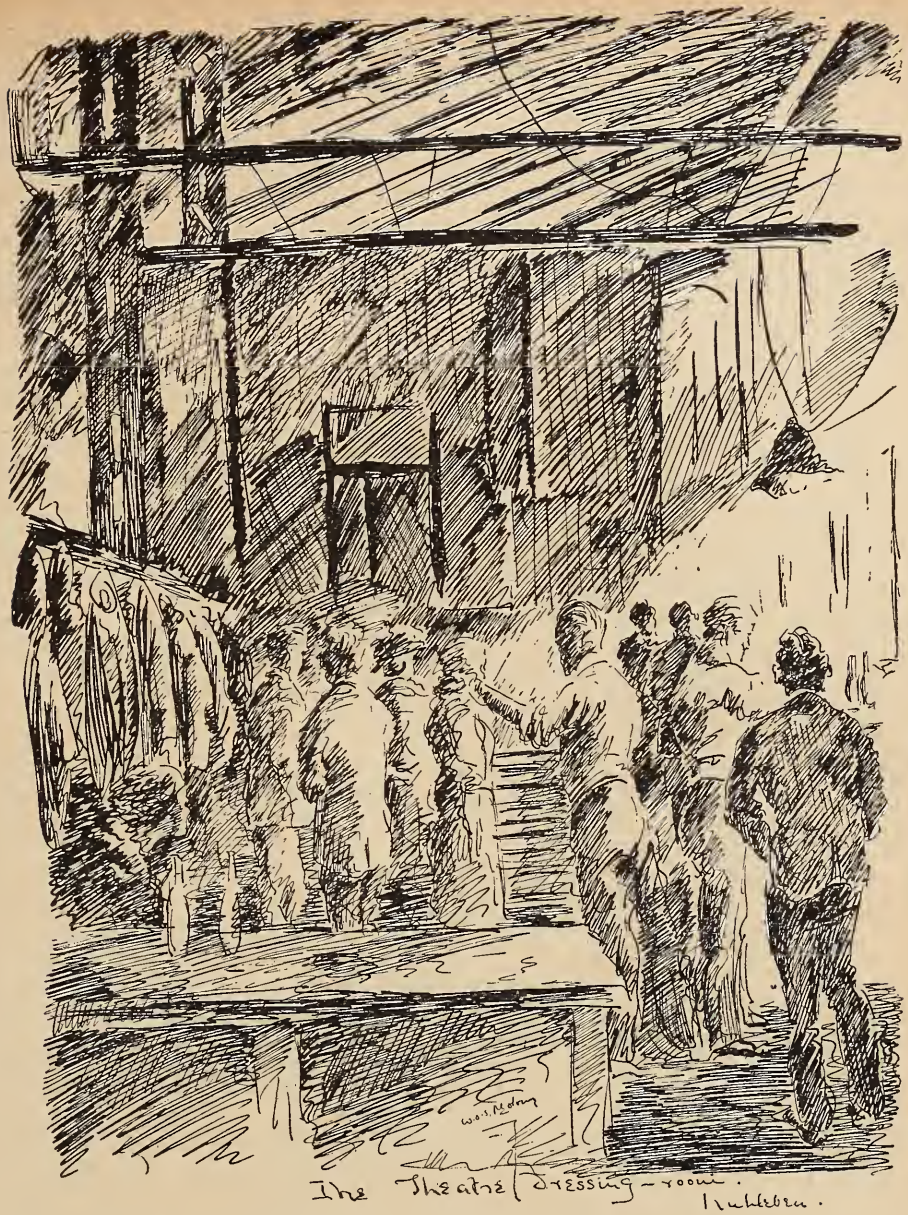
"Well they were amateur shows certainly but the theatre was quite a well-equipped one."

"Oh of course I forgot, Ruhleben was a race course and a sort of café chantant in the evenings in peace times I suppose. But it was rather a bit of luck being jugged in a place with a theatre wasn't it."

"It wasn't a place with a theatre — we were jugged first and then we made the theatre."

"Made a theatre? Rather a tall order, what?"

"Oh we didn't find it so. We were an extraordinary conglomeration of people at Ruhleben and there were really very few things we couldn't have tackled. We ran quite a good university there, for instance and we had a regular school with over a thousand scholars. We were nibs at languages I can tell you. It was awfully funny; the first idea with regard to getting rid of Time that struck us was swotting some beastly language, and I should say half the camp sweated away at some lingo or other. It was a collection! The weirdest lot of Englishmen I've ever struck. Quite a crowd of them didn't speak English at all and used to give lessons in whatever lingo the knewn in return for instruction in their mother-tongue. I got quite a nut at Spanish myself. You could



learn anything from French to Chinese. Why hang it! we used to run the blessed theatre itself in three languages."

"I say that must have been rather a trial, what? I suppose the chaps who didn't speak English spoke their own languages eh? I remember hearing an opera like that, the tenor proposed in Italian and the heroine accepted him in German — still it didn't make so much difference after all — didn't undersdand either of 'em myself."

"Don't be dense you ass! I mean we had plays played entirely in English, German, or French."

"Oh, I see! But that wasn't half so sporting as if you'd mixed 'em all up on the same stage!" But look here you dont mean to say you really built a theatre!"

"Rather comfy little place if you blew a tanner for a stall, though the fourpenny upper circle wasn't so special. You see in front of the race course there was a big grand-stand and underneath was a large hall that was used as a refreshment place in peace times. Well you see we got hold of this hall and built a stage — put a few chairs in and some benches, and there you are!"

"Must have taken no end of a time to fit up, what?"

"Oh it got along bit by bit, but to my mind the first days were much more sporting. I was a scene shifter at "Thingumybob & the Lion" by Whatshisname, you know, the chap who wrote "The Superman". Awful bilge too except the lion bit of it and the heroine. She really did get a reception I can tell you. First wench we'd seen for five months do you wonder at it? Queer looking little kiddy off the stage too, one of these young nuts who read Homer for fun"! I remember everybody expected to be most frightfully bored but it wasn't half bad. The way they got things going was certainly something marvellous. A fellow called Kapp started it, awful chap, so beastly energetic, used to make me tired to look at him, but he certainly had ideas.

"What struck me most about that first performance, I remember, was the footlights. They were candles with condensed milk tins as shades behind them, and when the scene had to be changed they just pulled a string and the lights turned round and shone right in your eyes, so that you couldn't see the chaps changing the scene — you could hear 'em cussin' sometimes though, when they dropped a hammer or something. And the lion was really great; they made a mask out of bits of cloth and paint and pinched somebody's fur gloves for the paws, and really he was quite as good as the beast I saw in Town, and far more sportnig. By the way, some blighter pinched the lion's head later on — awful row about it. One of the captains was implicated, so I understand.

"But look here how did you manage plays without scenery?"

"Oh we managed that all right, you see when we couldn't get any scenery at first, we hung curtains round the stage, and told each other that we didn't like conventional scenery and that symbolical curtains were much better. I remember

Mr. EDEN AS A "LIDY".

Changing scenes. before Act III Silver Box Rutherston

one chap, Henry Leigh, I think he called himself, one of those futurist johnnies you know, put on "As you like it" with green curtains and blue music; no end of a rag it was! But later on we got regular scenery and flies and flats and battens, and borders, and prosceniums and auditoriums and what-not galore.

Have you ever been behind, I don't mean in the Green room, but behind. Awfully weird looking hole, behind the stage. You see it was like this, round the back of the stage were canvas screens which were painted over and over again according to whether you wanted a "Yummy-yummy propose to her in the corner" scene, or a storm at sea. Then along the top are laid two screens which form a ceiling, and which you just pulled up on end when you didn't want 'em — thought ourselves no end of nuts, when we got that moveable ceiling. And then there were bits of canvas hanging across the top of the stage, which they call borders, which were painted, so that when you looked up from the audience you thought you were looking up into the sky, or green trees, or whatever the painting johnnies had put there. Then we made no end of progress with the foot-lights; we got electric lights, red, white or blue, so that we got any lighting effects we wanted. Of course there were electric things stuck here and there in the floor, so that if you wanted to light a red-paper fire in the grate, you just took a bulb and a bit of wire, and stuck the plug into one of these holes in the floor. Then the limelight was great fun. They built a sort of platform just under the roof; the aeroplane, we used

to call it; and a chap used to sit on this, with his feet dangling over the audiences' heads, and wangle a very powerful light so that he could follow the hero about the stage with a searchlight and make sure we didn't lose him in the crowd. The chaps who used to look after the light, let me see, what did they call 'em — oh yes I remember, — Henry and Baxter, were Marconi men, and of course, no end of nuts at messing about with wires, and lights, and switchboards and things. They fixed a telephone from the aeroplane up in the roof down to the back of the stage. Then, my boy, we had a special sunrise box! Never did understand that thing myself, but old Kindersley used to call it the "dimmer". At first the light was faint, and then it got brighter and brighter, till you kidded yourself the old sun was just round the corner of the left wing.

"But look here, that's the sort of thing you get at a regular theatre."

"Well so it was a regular theatre, except for old Thingumbob's costume, what do they call that wench — you know — the lass in "As you like it" that dressed up in boy's togs — a little rosy-cheeked kid named King played it. Anyway Roker, and he was a professional who had produced ballets and pantomines and whatnots, told me that our little camp theatre was as well equipped as many provincial theatres. He took me round one day, I remember and explained how the scenery all fitted into slots in the beams at the top of the stage, so that the chaps who were changing the furniture could do so while the scenery was being altered without the two sets of 'em falling over each other. He talked an awful lot about flies and wings and things, and I didn't understand half he said — but anyway don't interrupt with silly questions.

"Yes, but look here, what did you do for furniture?

"Furniture? Oh we made that out of sugar-boxes, and biscuit-tins, most of it, and the dresses we made ourselves, too; but I can't explain all that. Oh, I know — I've got some copies of the camp rag lying about somewhere. There were some articles about all that sort of thing in it. I'll let you see it sometime."

Eh? Well, hang it, if we could run a regular theatre, surely we could run a magazine. Why the theatre used to run the beastly thing by itself, for it was always jam-full of criticisms of plays we hadn't seen and therefore didn't want to read about, or plays we had seen, and had all the more reason for not wanting to read about 'em. But do shut up! How do you suppose I can tell you how we spent our time if you go on interrupting like this. As I was saying, we played chess, or we swotted languages, or etc., etc., etc. SPINTHO.

ODE.

By RON.

The R.D.S., the R.D.S., —
Where coy Lavinia coo'ed and preached,
Where Holmes cleared up a horrid mess,
Where Enid sobbed, and Phoebe schreeched;
A smile celestial gilds it yet,
But all except the smile is set.

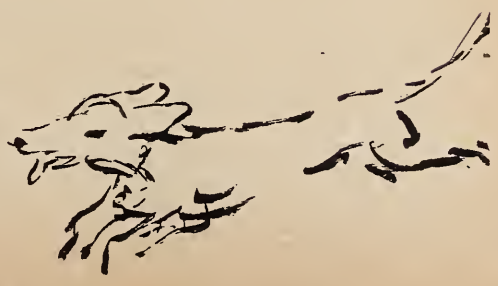
Who can forget the icy thrill
When Spintho formed the "Lion's share"?
Do not sweet memories linger still
Of artful Lady Sis so fair?
What scene could ever make us shake
Like Adler and the Sprockled Snake?

The R.D.S., the R.D.S., —
Tears blind me at the thought of Ros-
Alind's attenuated dress,
And Hymen's chaste Maud Allan pose,
And Cattermole, — and then, the pri-
Vate secretary's eye!

The master of the house we've had;
But where's the master builder gone?
HE stays alive, (if somewhat mad)
At least until the play's near done.
We've had some things we didn't like:
But "Phipps" was nectar to a strike!

Oh R.D.S., dear R.D.S, —
The Silver Box and Ballad Mong-
Er gave us all true cause to bless
Your work with no uncertain tongue.
And though internal strife might rage,
All went like clockwork on the stage.

But now a rabble fills the hall,
Where once the lofty-browed and wise
Were wont to take a tanner stall
And praise, expound or criticize.
Their seats are now profaned, worse luck!
The R.D.S., alas, has STRUCK!



LAWN TENNIS IN RUHLEBEN.

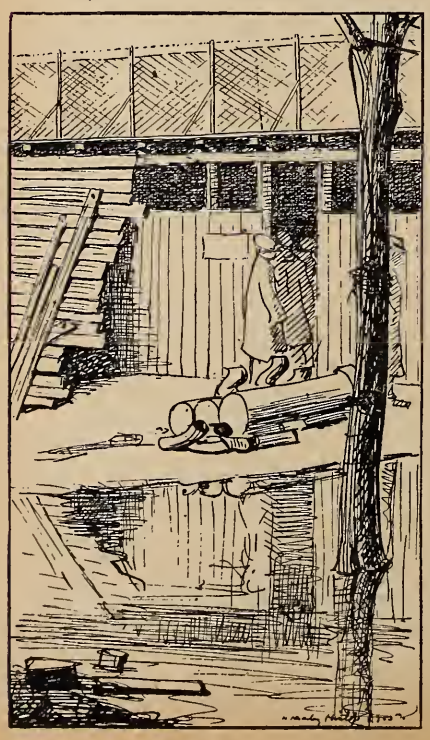
SOMEWHAT late in the season, it is true, yet not too late to provide two to three months' good exercise and keen sport, Lawn-Tennis has been added to the sports in Ruhleben.

Judging by the popularity of the courts, and the number of players who have joined the Association, the facilities for play now provided must be very welcome to many sportsmen in the Camp.

The first tennis court was finished on July the 16th. Since then the number of courts has, owing to the large demand, been increased to seven, of which we can say that not one is ever out of use for ten minutes during the hours available for play.

The courts themselves have proved quite satisfactory. The surface is, if a little too soft, not unpleasantly rough or unyielding, and in play the slight slant of the race track is not great enough to prove a disturbing element or a hindrance to accurate placing. Tennis courts ought rightly to be laid out in the North-South direction, but as it was impossible to adhere to this rule, the players are facing the sun and the deficiences in light very cheerfully. Unfortunately the light will grow worse and not better as the season draws on. But perhaps most of the players will have grown fairly accustomed to it by that time.

Almost every barrack is represented in the Tennis Association, Barrack 10 coming perhaps most prominently to the fore in this, as in other sports. It is strong numerically and need further be in no fear of not having its reputation well upheld. Apart from Masterman, whose play has already afforded us a new proof of his all round ability as a sportsman, and proved him one of the best players in Ruhleben, Gilbert, Kindersley, Harrison, Molony, Rupell and others would form a useful team, which would be difficult to beat by any other barrack in the camp. I seem to have forgotten one player who well deserves mention. H. H. Swift, who impressed me considerably the first time I saw him by the serene



audacity of this footfaults! I only hope he won't lose his service altogether, when he finds himself being footfaulted in match play.

Barrack 8 has contributed a larger quota of players than most of the others, nearly all of whom play a good game. Maxwell, however, who learnt his tennis in Switzerland in easily the best among them, and indeed one of the half-dozen strongest players in the camp. Of the rest, Macintosh has the most pleasing style, and promises to make good progress. The same applies to Fachirt of Barrack 7, whose style, however, while delightful to watch, greatly exceeds his inclination to run about the court.

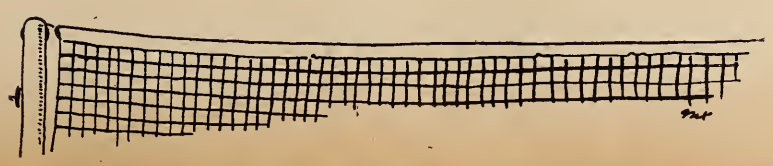
Moresby White, Brown, Saunders and Alston seem to be Barrack 11's & 7's keenest Lawn-Tennis players, and have already made visible progress, Brown in particular attracting attention by a hurricane drive; very difficult for an opponent to take, but unfortunately not always quite easy to execute. (We hope, incidentally, that the delivery of our English parcels office is not suffering from the devotion of its workers to tennis!).

The "Phoenix Club" has undertaken to represent Barrack 5. And indeed some of its members are hardly ever absent from the courts. Ludlow has taken to tennis as keenly as he did to Rounders and cricket, without apparently entertaining any fears of detrimental effect to wrist or fingers.

O'Hara Murray's reputation as a tennis player is of long standing, and if he is not in form as yet, his play has at least certainly not discredited it.

In the course of the season one or two tournaments will probably be arranged (without prizes being considered a necessary incentive to English sportsmen, I hope). These will undoubtedly do a great deal towards stimulating the interest of the tennis players, and will, I hope, also provide good entertainment to many interested spectators.

G. K. L.



"THE RUHLEBEN WHO'S WHO."

WE intend to enlarge on the ideas of the Lancastrian Society, who have published a list of their members' names and addresses (to be had price 50 Pfgs. at our office — advt.), and compile a sort of combined Directory and Who's Who for the persons interned in the whole Camp.

In a few days a printed sheet of questions will be given to everybody and it is hoped that these will be returned to this office correctly filled in. When published the data thus gathered should form a valuable work of reference and no novelist's, or begging-letter writer's desk should be without it.

We publish below a list of the queries:

1. Name.
2. Nickname used in Camp (as Stiffy, Tabby, Gobbler, Giggler, etc.).
3. Address (for this purpose, certain quarters of Barrack 11 are considered temporary).
4. Name of your Club. (Corner House, Phoenix, Bessere Leute, etc.).
5. Are you or have you ever been Captain of a Barrack?
6. Reasons of your resignation.
7. Are you a Super or Sub man?
8. Pastimes or Hobbies (as Cricket, Football, attending, lectures, circulating rumours, etc.).
9. How many measles did you have?
10. Highest score made at Cricket?
11. Greatest number of hours you have "done"?
12. Number of "Pots" you carried off at the sports?
13. Are you member of Mr. Dix' pot-reducing class?
14. Give brief account of the unique circumstances which prevented you getting away from Germany on the eve of the war.
15. Do you possess any linked ornament of gold?
16. Are you downhearted?

STOLEN MIDNIGHT INTERVIEWS.

No. 2. The O'Sullivan of Ballysport.

THE express postman knocked at the O'Sullivan's palatial abode near Bond Street.

"What the deuce do you want, young shaver?" growled a voice from the interior.

"Urgent letter for you, sir".

"Eh? What? The Spectral Dustman wants to interview me at midnight for the 'I.R.C.' does he? Do I get a medal or a silver cup for allowing him the privilege, young man, eh?"

"Don't know, sir. Yer oughter have one, sir!"

"Alright" growled the voice again. "Tell him to come. I'll be awake (softly), if I'm not asleep."

The ornamental lakes near Bond Street reflected dully the starlit sky. The dustman walked slowly along the banks, waiting for the witching hour which should send him to his interview with the Ballysport. He bagan to muse — suddenly the air was filled with ghostly figures! Some flitted in various directions, holding beautifully engraved silver cups before them; halos of medals surrounded them; some were running, some rowing, some pulling, and some firing starting pistols into the midst of a spirit-like, short-dressed crowd — — Boom! Twelve of them.

With a resounding clang on the massive door, the dustman requested admittance to the home of the O'Sullivan.

It was granted.

"Oh! so you're this spectral fellow, are you?" said the owner when he saw his interviewer. "Have you brought your medal along?"

"So sorry, Ballysport, but I haven't done anything to deserve one yet — except that I am living in Ruhleben" meekly answered the dustman.

"You haven't eh? Well, come to me for instruction, and in a few days you'll deserve sufficient cups and medals to furnish a house with."

The O'Sullivan delivered himself of this offer while standing against his massive four-poster, his hands moving restlessly in his pockets, a cigarette burning furiously in his mouth, and his eyes glancing longingly at a two-litre pot of tea standing on the massive table.

"Now" he continued, "I suppose you want to know what I've done and what I am, eh?"

Without waiting for an answer, the O'Sullivan sat down on his massive chair and began the relating of his performances.

"Well, it was I (accented strongly), who first started that

bally sporting idea of having races for medals and prizes. A medal, y'know, especially a massive one, something tangible in its appearance, and I (accented strongly) don't believe in holding any contest without some reward being held out at the finish — like the carrot held up before the donkey. Then, of course, I (strongly accented) suggested having Great Sport, a whole week of it, with a glittering array of silver at the end. It was a splendid suggestion (Growing enthusiastic) you remember how everyone turned up to back the winner — or tried to?"

The dustman nodded his head sadly.

"The only trouble", continued the massive one, "was that this medal fever spread enormously. Some fellows, who could not win a race by any fair means and thus gain a prize grew horribly jealous and began to want a medal for being among the race of people in Ruhleben. I had to support this movement, because everyone was acquainted with my passion for medals and, therefore, relied upon my massive strength to provide arguments in its favour."

His interviewer looked very sad on hearing this confession. He remembered some meetings, principally in the open-air, where massive arguments had been used.

"You know, also" went on the Ballysport, "that I like a long pull between —"

The dustman glanced round for the flask.

"Oh no, my friend. I don't mean what you mean! It is a strong tug-of-war pull, with medals for the winners and 10 to 1 on my team. If they lose — well ,there you are!"

"I also have another idea." He paused. The dustman looked at the massively built figure of the Great Sport and wondered how so many ideas were produced.

He continued. "When the Ruhleben Lake District reaches high water mark again. I propose training crews for the 'eights', Oxford fashion, don't you know, old fellah."

It was remarkable how that inimitable Oxford accent appeared in the O'Sullivan's mode of speech when he mentioned that famous 'Varsity, which has given so many men to make the 'tone' of this city. For a time, no word was spoken, the dustman being afraid to interrupt the thoughts of one who was a chosen trainer of England's proudest and most exclusive sons.

At last, the O'Sullivan heaved a massive sigh. "You know," he said, "it's a fine thing to be the O'Sullivan of Ballysport, a colonial-born, an Oxford-'man', a great power in the sporting world of the city, a backer of all sure things, a co-worker in physical culture, a trainer of pulling teams, a starter of the best, an organiser of all branches of athleticism for medals and cups, a strong believer in the power of reward for effort, a non-believer in the value of sport, without a prize to stimulate the will, and, best of all, a true blue to the backbone."

A clank of arms! The O'Sullivan turned as pale as his bronzed countenance would allow, turned out the dustman and closed the massive door with a bang. The Ballysport had revenged his inquisitor by sending him into the arms of the sentry — nearly.

THE SPECTRAL DUSTMAN.

The Wednesday Evening Service

After the pause during the hot weather, these CAMP SERVICES recommence on Wednesday Sept. 1st at 7 p. m. The speakers during September will be as follows:

Sept 1st	*Arthur Howard.*
„ 8th	*E. H. F. Simmons.*
„ 15th	*H. M. Andrews.*
„ 22nd	*J. D. Ketchum.*
« 29th	*A. J. Kemp.*

MISS MOLLY M'GINTY SENDS US THE FOLLOWING UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL:

Trivolity Theatre,
Ruhleben W.

Dear Sirs:

Algy brought me a packet of your really splendid and excellent toffee to the stage door last night and I feel I must really write to tell you how good I think it is So wholesome and pure. It reminds me of my last tour in England where I always ate your Toffee de Luxe Isn't it just splendid being able to get it at the Ruhleben Stores here?

Yours very sincerely

Molly M'Ginty.

ENGLISH TOFFEE: 2 packets 15 Pfg. at Ruhleben Stores.

Dr. KLAUS.

BOTH the stage management and the acting of Dr. Klaus — given, we understand under the auspices of the German Society, and produced by Mr. Joseph Stein — were excellent. Messrs. Esders and Moeder made their debut in femminine parts, and deserved all the enthusiasm they aroused. Mr. Alfred Volke was strong in the title role. Mr. Sven Holm very amusing as the bashfuhl lover, and the producer himself gave us some delightfuhl humour in the broad comedian part. The other members of the cast, too numerous for individual mention, were all well up to scratch. Messrs. Leopold Stein and J. M. Boyd, who were responsible for scenic effects, are to be congratulated on their success.

In expressing our appreciation to the Society and to Mr. Stein we venture to hope that, should they decide on another production, they will not be too modest in their choice of a play. They have at their disposal a number of very capable men, strongest in character parts, and German literature is rich enough in real humour to obviate any necessity of the production of such artificial, barren stuff as Dr. Klaus. If they can do so well under the handicap of a plot of no intrinsic interest, diluted by sentiment that is largely bathos, what mightn't they do with — to mention only a couple, very tentatively — Der zerbrochene Krug, Die Journalisten, or (with judicious cutting) Der Biberpelz? H. M.

THE OVERCOAT.

J. P. WHARTON was a good friend of mine, but I think I am correct in stating that he valued his overcoat more than anything in the world — after my friendship of course —. It certainly was a wonderful creation, a lovely, long, tight-fitting, deep-chested, double-breasted, well-cut brown ulster, with all the necessary fittings and appurtenances thereto, everything finished off in the very best Bond Street style. Wharton unfortunately left it one day in the common meeting shed, and though he remembered it even before he had got as far as the Pond Stores and went back at once, he was too late. It had vanished. Useless to advertise for it, for who would bring back an overcoat like that, even if the taker had been an honest man previously. Useless to look up the advertisers of the many coats for sale, for who would sell a stolen coat — He was broken-hearted.

Then one day, he saw it. He was coming out of the debate on "Honesty in Public Life" and saw it just in front of him, doing its best to cover a large and powerfully built seaman. For a moment he stood stock-still, overcome by the sight, then with a hoarse cry he rushed off, determined to throw himself on the blackguard and tear the coat off his back, or die in the attempt.

But as he got nearer, he changed his mind. It seemed to him the chances were all on his dying, the man was so very powerful. No, this was clearly not a case for force but for diplomacy. So instead of throttling the stranger, he got into conversation with him, asked if he had been to the debate. Said that personally he did not believe in honesty, as a matter of fact. The other agreed. Told Wharton he took what he could get, more or less, down here at any rate. They all do in our barrack.

"Oh! What barrack is that?"

"Barrack 17 B Loft. We've the snuggest corner in the whole Camp. You must come up there one evening."

"So I will" said Wharton grimly, but the time he chose was not the evening. It was dinner-time when all the barrack had gone for soup.

It was a glorious day, and even the gloomy loft of Barrack 17 seemed to breathe life in cleanliness. The sunbeams coming through the little windows played strange pranks in there, poking their noses over rafters, into dark corners, dancing round chairs, running under lines of drying linen and crowding round a mattress, where, all illuminated by their fiery faces, lay in all its splendour — Wharton's overcoat.

Wharton looked round. Except for a sick man, apparently asleep, some five or six mattresses off, the room seemed empty. With a quick movement he bent over, and picked the coat up. He was just going to move off when a voice hailed him. A big, burly, brutal voice it was, the kind of voice a buffalo or one's conscience would have. "Put that coat down," it said. He turned round. It was the sick man who was sitting up with a nicely balanced clog in one hand.

Wharton and his coat were outside the loft door quicker than greased lightning.

How he crowed over his overcoat as he brought in into the box! How he smiled as he laid it on the bed! How tenderly he stroked it!

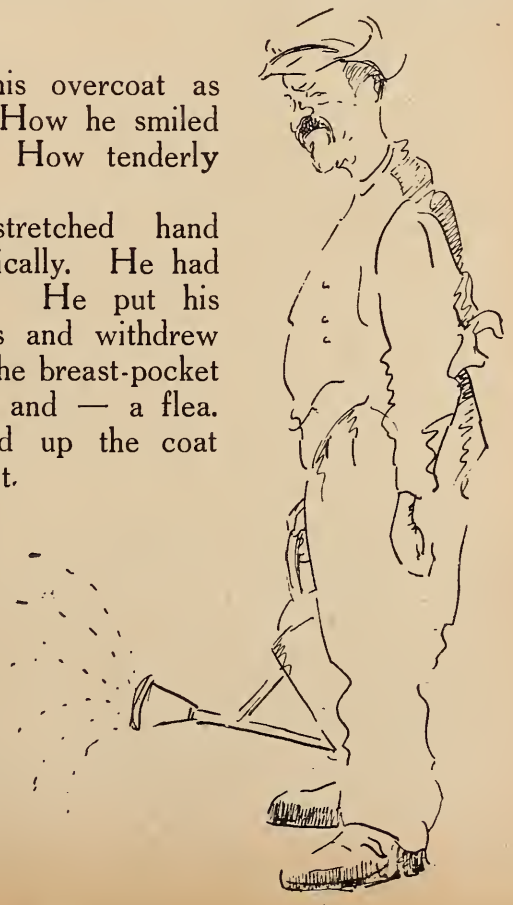
But suddenly the outstretched hand contracted, twitched spasmodically. He had felt something sticky nasty. He put his hand gingerly in the pockets and withdrew them empty, dirty. Only in the breast-pocket was M. 28.— in small notes, and — a flea.

With a groan he picked up the coat again, and prepared to go out.

"Wat are you going to do?" we asked, for he looked desperate.

"Take it back. It's no use to me any longer" he almost sobbed.

"But you cannot take it now. The culprit will be there. There may be trouble. Wait till tea-time," we broke out in chorus,



"You are right" he said mournfully, and we crept silently out, leaving him to his overcoat and his sorrow.

At tea-time he crept sadly back to Barrack 17. There was no-one there this time, and even the sick man had gone — let us hope he was dead. Silently and solemnly he laid the overcoat on the bed again. Then with a mournful smile he pulled out a little slip of paper and pinned it on to the coat. The note read:

To one overcoat M. 28.—
Received with thanks. 18. 8. 15.

And then in big, bold letters, the initials: R. I. P.

T. G.

THE BATTLE — AXE.

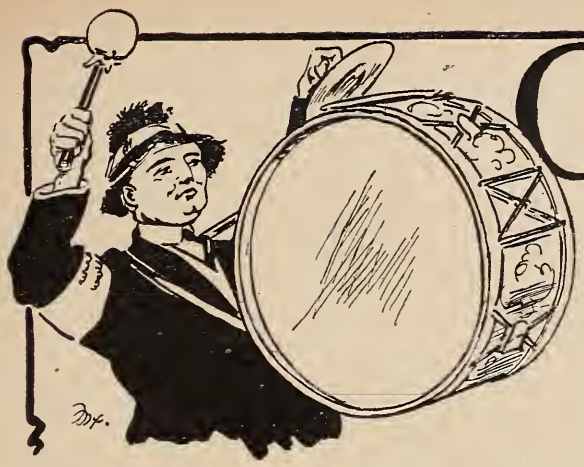
The shades of night were falling fast,
They were without a doubt;
'Twas half past nine within the loft
And just as late without.

As I retur ed to "shlafen gehen"
(I sleep in the corner dim)—
In murderous attitude I saw
My neighbour, Cockney Jim.

In his sinewy hands an axe he grasped,
'Twas thrown behind his shoulder;
One moment more, some victim sure
Would soon grow cold and colder.

My heroic blood within me boiled,
As I caught his villainous gaze;
I rushed on him and caught his arm,
Thus lengthening somebody's days.

"Bloodthirsty wretch! is that your game
To chop off somebody's head?"
But he replied; "Gaw blimey no!
I'm miking me bloomin' bed'.



OFFICIAL NOTICES

THE following order has been issuid by the military authorities: —

The interned are herewith informed that it is forbidden to give orders to businesses outside of the Camp for food and other articles which are sold by the Camp Canteens. This applies to all orders, without exception, whether given by one person, alone, or by several persons collectively.

The Censors have received instructions to keep back all letters containing such orders, and the Parcel Post authorities will not deliver parcels, the contents of which come under the above heading, and which have been despatched by businesses in reply to demands from persons interned in the Camp.

LETTERS to Neutral countries may not be longer than two sides of one of the sheets of Official Camp letter paper. Letters to England and Germany continue as before.

EVERYONE is allowed two of the new Parcel acknowledgment cards each week in addition to his one postcard. Nothing must be written on the parcel cards except the bare particulars of the parcel acknowledged otherwise the card will he distroyed. The cost is 5 pfg. for 6 cards.

THE rooms in the first Grand Stand, formerly used as the Dry Goods Stores, have now been turned into a fully equipped Dental Surgery. All the most modern appliances have been purchased and the Surgery is in the hands of two fully qualified Dental Surgeons, Dr. H. Sumner Moore and Dr. Percy Rutterford. The charges will be as reasonable as is possible considering that only first class work will be done, and those men who are not in a position to pay will have their teeth attended to at the expense of the Briitsh Relief Fund, but they must not expect, firstly, to have any but really necessary teeth attended to and, secondly, to have gold fillings where cheaper material can be used! A consultation fee of M. 1.—

will be charged which will be deducted from the bill if the teeth are in need of treatment.

By the time this paper is published the Surgery should be in full swing.

THE East end of the large Grand Strand has been turned into a Cinematograph theatre, which will also be opened by the time this paper appears. There will be running performances if practicable from 9 a. m. till 6 p. m. daily.

Full particulars of prices and detailed programmes will be issued in due course.

THE new shower baths and washing sheds, fitted up on the site of the old latrines, are now open and are already proving a great benefit to the camp. Windows will also be put in order to be ready for the cold weather.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to provide proper drainage for the yard in the wet weather, especially behind the boiler-house. When this has been attended to a shed is to be erected for the purpose of installing a cooking range where men can take their eggs and bacon and similar delicacies to be fried, cooked or boiled as the case may be. This should prove a very welcome boon during the winter months.

EVERY effort is being made to provide the Educational Department with the necessary room to carry on the large

number of classes which are now being arranged. The loft of Barracks No. 6 has unfortunately been taken from us for the time being, but we hope to have the use of it again before long.

MR. RICHARDSON AS "THE LUCKIEST MAN OF THE FORTNIGHT".

IT is too early to inform the camp of all the improvements which we hope to see made before the winter is upon as but we should like to make it know that the following questions are being thoroughly gone into at the present moment, viz. the erection of an additional latrine, a central urinal, additional heating and lighting, provision of a clothes drying machine, erection of sheds for smoking and indoor recreations, supply of bedding and blankets, etc., etc.

RICE AND PRUNES.

Where'er you see a barrack wend its way
Towards the kitchen, whistling lively tunes,
You're safe to bet the menu for the day
Is 'rice and prunes'.

No other dinner has such power to impart
A smile, alike to supermen and loons,
As that last triumph of the cooking art —
Boiled rice and prunes.

Let others long for matrimonial bliss
And liberty and such forbidden boons;
I'm quite content so long as I don't miss
My rice and prunes.

And often at the swill-tub (so it's said)
You'll hear some pious soul who softly croons
A testimonial unsolicited
For rice and prunes.

The very milkman rubs his hands and beams,
To see his profits mounting like balloons;
He has no better customer, it seems,
Than rice and prunes.

No doubt we'll all be here a long time yet;
But though we're jugged for twenty thousand moons,
Some day we'll leave, and think with fond regret —
Of rice and prunes.

WHY?

THANK you, thank you, Captains all,
Supermen, and Buttonmen,
Deans of Universities.
Thank you I must
When I think on that
Which was,
Compared to what shall be,
Or e'en now is,
Thank you.
But why? — Why do you do it?
Captains all, Supermen, and Buttonmen,
Deans of Universities —
Why?
What is the axe you're grinding?
Or is it silly love
Of mere publicity?
Is it vain love of petty power,
Or the venal gold that sears?
Or is it honest love of toil —
Unselfish thought
For poor Humanity?
Ask yourselves,
For you must know
Better than we.
Yet be assured
We feel the truth.
Right here in Camp
By your Fruit
EACH ONE OF YOU
IS KNOWN.
Some of you we HATE,
And some of you we LOVE;
Ask yourselves.
Why?

BOOKS AND THEIR BORROWERS.

THE different communities (says the genial Librarian of the Ruhleben Public Library) of which the Camp is composed may be readily recognised by the books which they borrow from the Library. The members of No. 6 Barrack, for instance, are insistant in their requests for Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs". Their near neighbours whose robust appetites have earned for them the title "The Hungry Eighth" obtain great satisfaction from the study of Bacon. Following a similar train of thought, though of course in a more refined (and expensive) channel, frequenters of the Casino call for H. G. Wells' "Food of the Gods". To No. 13 Conan Doyle's "White Company" makes a strong appeal; while Jacob's "Captains All"! has many friends among those who formed the now defunct Camp Committee. During the cold snap Dickens' masterpiece "Bleak House" was in frequent request by inmates of the Tea House. "Hard Times" by the same author is called for by the reading public generally.

Among the books upon the Library list, two have failed altogether to attract readers; they are Lubbocks "Pleasures of Life" and Mark Twain's "Roughing It". Those members of our community who still remain optimists frequently ask for Dickens' "Great Expectations", while their pessimistic brethren derive a gloomy satisfaction from the perusal of Charles Reades' novel "For the Term of Natural Life".

L. E. FILMORE.

"In Ruhleben Camp"

is a better advertising medium here
than any other English paper.

Ask for rates:

AT THE OFFICE

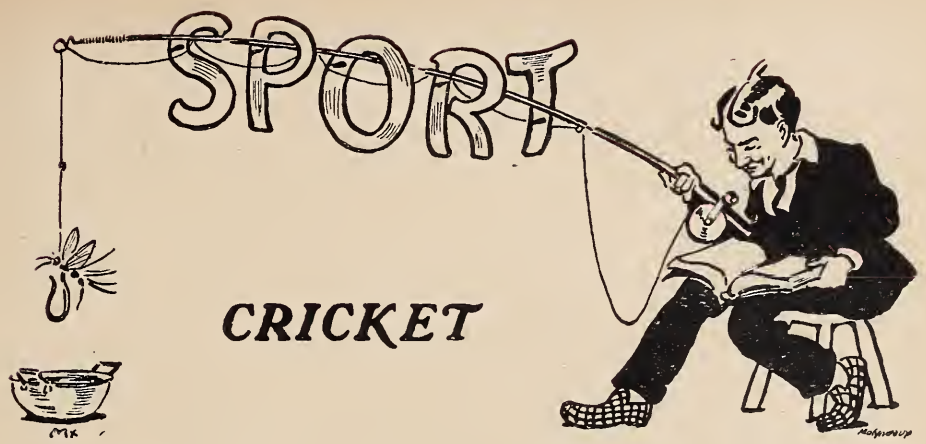
No. 2 Fleet Street.

When writing home for coffee, be sure you order

"FAZENDA"
PURE COFFEE

Imported, roasted and packed by State of San Paulo (Brazil) Pure Coffee Co. Ltd. London. Bears Government Seal — Guaranteed freshly-roasted and ground.

Specially packed in air-tight tins to preserve freshness and aroma of the Coffee. It is cheaper than tea.



CRICKET

Unfortunately rain interfered with last week's programme and as a result the positions in the tables have not altered to any great extent. Since the appearance of "No. 5" there has only been one game of any particular interest, that between 5 and 4; bad fielding lost 5 many precious runs and lacking all chances, No. 4 were able to amass 136, Barrack 5 fell just 5 runs short of the necessary amount thereby suffering their second defeat of the season.

Fikle fortune dealt severely with No. 4 in the match v. No. 2 in which No. 2 proved easy winners by 100 runs. — 276 — 177 well done No. 2, bad luck 4!

My next remarks concern the Barrack to which I owe my apologies the Barracks which although have played one game less than No. 10 stands with No. 10 at the top of the table — No. 7! Barrack 7 has however, I believe, a lot of hard work before her before she can carry the cricket laurels, Nos. 2, 3 and 5 may cause trouble, whereas 11 seems the only possible stumbling block to No. 10's progress. One would like to see a hard fight between these teams for the Ruhleben Championship. It is worthy of note by the way that the only team to beat 7 was 10.

10 secured 336 v. No. 1 and trundled their opponents out for 38 and 20. Harrison and Crossland batted excellently for the winners.

The second XI games have been most exciting and the table remains with 10 and 5 at the top. D. G.

REPORT OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Presented at the General Meeting of Teachers on Sunday, Aug. 22nd.

IN the four weeks that have elapsed since our last meeting, the reorganisation then made has in the opinion of the Committee justified itself: the general position of the School is much stronger than it was a month ago. The publication of our last report and the account of our reorganisation has had a beneficial effect: the Camp and the Officials have become more sympathetic in their attitude as is shown in the fact that while our Chairman and Mr. Wimpfheimer continue to represent the School's interests on the Education Committee, a third member of the School Committee, Dr. Blagden, has been unanimously called to take a place on the Education Committee.

The Accounts placed before you at the last general meeting have been settled: and while considerable new expenditure has been incurred, most of it has already been accepted by the Education Dept. and a regular system of accounts has been set up for the school in that Department's Books. A statement has not yet been prepared: it will be submitted at a later meeting.

But the condition of the school has improved not only in these respects: the various Department Representatives have made at least a beginning in the work of organisation and development. We have to welcome many new Teachers to our ranks, brough in to cope with the large influx of students who have been personally interviewed with regard to what classes they should join. By the end of the week, we are now entering on, the number of Classes in the school as well as the number of teachers actually at work will have passed the hundred, while the number of pupils actually receiving instruction will have passed the Thousand.

While this record of achievement is one on which we may congratulate ourselves, it brings us face to face with two serious problems. 1. How we are to find accommodation for all these classes when the weather becomes cold. 2. How we are to find the money necessary to pay the expenses of this so considerable organisation. Both these problems your committee has kept continually under consideration: the Education Department is fully aware of the urgency of these questions and the former question has been personally presented to the American Ambassador.

There are points of detail which are perhaps worth mentioning here. A pamphlet stating the aims and work of the School is in preparation, and is already in the hands of the printer. Steps are being taken with regard to keeping full class Registers (temporary registers will be issued this week) and the question of Examinations is being kept in mind. The Bord of Education has been asked to supply us with a reference library this and has responded generously, advising us that several hundred volumes will be despatched from England shortly.

Brief as this report is, it represents when one considers the dificulties incident to we work in this Camp, a very considerable amount of work and the Committee feel that with the energetic support of the teachers, the school can look forward to doing work of which it will have every reason to feel satisfied.

The Printing Office has prepared typewritten copies of the two French plays,

"On opère sans douleur"

and

"L'Anglais quel t'on le parle",

which are shortly to be performed in the camp.

These may be had on application at the office, No.2 Fleet St. Price 35 pfgs each.

THE CLUB — A Poem with a Moral.

There was a little man
And he built a little den
Right along the wall of Barrack Seven, Seven, Seven,
And there he and his friends,
A collection from all ends
Of the earth, came and thought they were in heaven,
heaven, heaven.

But alack! Here comes the rub.
For that nutty little club —
I must tell you first the hut was built of wood, wood,
The musicians wandered in wood. —
All day long and made a din
In fact they made the vilest din they could, could, could.

And then there was a row
And a mighty big pow-wow
Was held by the angry ones of Seven, Seven, Seven.
And the war-cry went around
"Let us raze it to the ground!" —
This they did, and sent the little man to — heaven,
heaven, heaven.

W. N. G.

MORE PERVERTED PROVERBS FOR PRISONERS.

Sept.	1.	WED.	It takes a wise man to make a Captain.
"	2.	THUR.	A Badge in the hand is worth two in the bush.
"	3.	FRI.	Faint heart ne'er won Casino-schein.
"	4.	SAT.	Set a-hen to catch a co-hen.
"	5.	SUN.	Sufficient unto the day is the soup thereof.
"	6.	MON.	All's fair in love and Dramatic Societies.
"	7.	TUES.	Rumour hath charms to sooth the savage breast.
"	8.	WED.	A rolling potatoe gathers "slush".
"	9.	THUR.	Two of "the Profession" ne'er agree.
"	10.	FRI.	If at first you don't succeed — Stadtv. gtei.
"	11.	SAT.	All's well that ends — elections.
"	12.	SUN.	Its an ill wind that blows nobody's trumpet,
"	13.	MON.	It's never too late to spend.
"	14.	TUES.	Where there's smoke there's a non-com.
"	15.	WED.	The early bird catches a cold.

THE WORK OF THE

R. X. D.

IN INCREASING

DAY BY DAY.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CAPTAINS.

DEAR CAPTAIN:

Before you read further will you note the signature at the bottom of this letter for it will put you in the proper vein. I am writing you because I think there is nothing so pitiable as to see a man's work nullified by the fact that he is misunderstood by those for whom he is working. I feel sure that your work in the Camp would be ten times as effective were there a feeling of real accord between you and those you represent. You are subjected to absurd allegations and despicable insinuations unworthy of our Camp, but really you are yourself greatly to blame for you have adopted an attitude toward your fellow-prisoners very much resembling that presented by a hedgehog to a dog who wishes to say good day to him. The simile fails, in so far as, though the dog might do the hedgehog harm were he not to present his bristles, we assure you that your fellow-prisoners would not ruffle one hair of yours were they to catch you one day with your bristles down.

The most potent factor in arousing the distrust with which you are at present regarded by an immense majority of the Camp has been your secrecy. We know that your position is an extremely difficult one and that there are many matters on which you could not possibly take the Camp as a whole into your confidence but, you know, you NEVER take the Camp into your confidence. Your announcements with regard to improvements and measures at which you think are for the good of the Camp are always made when these things are an accomplished fact. For instance, I happen to know you are arranging for the installation of a series of cooking ranges to be used by the Camp on the same system as we now get hot water, well now why not let others share your pleasant anticipation of the meeting of a very long-felt want.

Again when letters are addressed to you be sure you answer them, it is very impolite not to answer letters you know and I fear it is a bad habit you have got into. Then as far as you possibly can you might let us know how you spend our money and not meet our requests for a balance-sheet as though we were accusing you of theft. For instance, your president when asked for a balance-sheet of the monies controlled by the Entertainments Committee declared that it was impossible to prepare such a document whereas a day later members of the Committee declare that it is not only possible but that they intend doing so.

If one of your fellow-prisoners asks to be allowed to speak to the Captains' meeting, why not ask him in, instead of doing as you did last week, refuse to receive any deputation. Of course, if my friend the Editor, asked leave to speak to the meeting, you would refuse, knowing as you do that he would only be there on his low search for "copy", but when we others have a real grievance or suggestion to put before you — Come now, why not?

You hear a lot of talk about yourselves, wild talk imputing all sorts of terrible things to you and breathing all sorts of terrible threats but surely you don't suppose we are all of us wild

bigots. Do you know my friend, that most of us feel quite sure that you are conscientiously working for the good of the Camp and we are grateful to you, but it really isn't right of you to set up as autocratic tyrants because after all; you yourselves are Englishmen and know how "the blood" boils at an autocracy, however beneficient it may be. It is all that unfortunate manner of yours, couldn't you try and somehow alter things.

Yours very sincerely,

A. WELL-WISHER.

Letters to the Editor

ALL letters to the editor must be accompanied by name and Barracke Number of sender, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

Dear Sir:

It having become the fashion to "tilt a lance" with the Entertainments Committee, may I perhaps suggest to the Captains the advisability of increasing such Committee by the appointment of a "Censor of Plays" in order that each play submitted should be carefully read, and only passed when considered likely to be of general interest to the Camp. There is at present a tendency to produce plays of a lugubrious character, or plays with a purpose; and, as the educational side of the Camp is so ably handled by other and more competent authorities, surely the interests of the Camp are more studied, by using the theatre as a medium of entertainment and amusement. Such Censor should also bear in mind the limitations enforced by our internment and thus not overtax the leniency shown by a considerate Camp.

Yours very truly,

AUBREY H. HERSEE.

Dear Sir:

May I suggest through the medium of your valuable paper that: — A gate or small exit be made in the wire fencing near the lavatory on the promenade, so making a direct way from the Sports Ground to the lavatory, which I believe would be a great boon and convenience, for visitors on the Sports Ground. Believe me to remain, Yours respectfully,

A. C. B., Bar. 2.

Sir: The financial conduct of this Camp is degenerating into something approaching a scandal. It is the elementary duty of those concerned to run the Camp on lines of economy; instead of that it is run on lines of gross extravagance. In all its undertakings (and I refer only to those initiated by the Camp itself) we find BIG expenses and BIG balances. Is there need for either? Every new suggestion seems to become the means for extracting the largest available amount of cash from the pocket of the individual (even empty cigar-boxes originally given "gratis" are now sold at 10 Pfg. at the store). Big profits are made and big expenses accrue in order to balance same. Have the Captains ever considered WHERE all this money eventually drifts to, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, naturally flows to, and is this not a reason for giving them pause and causing them vigorously to think? The Camp has not asked for, nor does it require, ANYTHING expensive, neither does it ask for big balances or large profits for problematical relief purposes WHEN we go home. Neither is it in its province to relieve already relieved Variety Artistes and others of "such ilk". Services should be voluntary or entirely dispensed with. The charge for seats should be as low as possible to all alike and only sufficient to pay bare and necessary expenses. Many other economies will occur to your readers, and I hope to the Captains, and in conclusion I earnestly suggest that in this matter we owe a duty not only to ourselves but to those at home who are bearing the heat and burden of the day and whose judgment we most value.

Yours obediently
VOX POPULI.

(Continued on page 45)

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Dear Mr. Editor:—

For once in a way, our corner of Bar. 10. — is in complete agreement and we'd like to notify the fact, but as you have no Births or Marriages Column, we beg space instead of buying it.

We read with regret that long-haired devils wish to pump Ibsen, further Shakespeare, etc. into this Lager. We wish those people were anywhere but here; where Box Office receipts would be a more immediate and definite reply from the public than is the case here where the poor prisoner sighing for "Charlie's Aunt" would rather bear Elizabethan plays or Ibsen than boredom. Can nothing be done to muzzle these people and prevent them using our one and only theatre to such vile and pseudo-artistic ends as the production of further pseudo-Shakespeare as badly done as the last.

"Charlie's Aunt" when badly done at least does not offend.

Yours etc.

THE CORNER OF BAR. 10.

Sir,

With the advent of the hot water ticket and the new boiler-house with its improved heating arrangements, we were allured into the belief that hot water would be obtainable at any time of the day, and not only intermittently as hiterto —

This however does not appear to be the case; in fact, difficulties in obtaining hot water seem to have increased in more than direct proportion to the increased facilities for its production. —

Would it not be possible for the Captains, without undue loss of dignity, to look into this state of affairs, and organize the boiler-house department in a business-like way. It has even been suggested by impudent persons that the bad service now in vogue may be due to the boiler-house staff not finding their employment so remunerative under the new ticket system as hitherto.

Yours faithfully, Q. ER.

Dear Sir:

I was very glad to see your notice in the last issue with reference to medals, and think the sentiments expressed by you cannot be put in too strong language. There can be no doubt that the limit was reached when a certain individual took it upon himself to write a letter, purporting to voice the desire of the majority of the Camp, to a prominent member of the British Government asking his sanction to our having badges. Fortunately the letter was not allowed to leave the Camp, and the gentleman in question was prevented making a public lunatic of himself in England as well as in Ruhleben.

(Continued on page 47)

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J.M.C.Josephson

Builder & Contractor of 45 & 46 Lower Marsh, London S.E. (opposite Waterloo Stn.) has opened a Carpentry Workshop at Ruhleben. First Shed opposite Barrack 5.

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This is not the only time it has occurred that such a letter has been written either by an individual or by a committee of one of the numerous Ruhleben Societies, without even having the sanction of the Society. I do hope that in future no letter whatever will be sent by anyone in an unofficial position in the Camp to any member or department of the Home Government.

The Government does not want to be continually reminded by us that we are here. England has not forgotten us, but at the present time she has many much more important things to consider than our care. For goodness' sake then let us not continue making such fools of ourselves, for in spite of our comparative unimportance, the Old Country is taking all the trouble over us we deserve, and what is more, will continue to do so.

Yours, E. H. G.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"STRESSES & STRAINS" — *Dix* — Athletic Library.

"CONVERSATION HANDBOOK" (40 vols.) — *Unpopular Edition.* — Abercasis.

"FLUIDS AND THE FLOW OF WATER" (with additional chapter by members of Barrack 10) — *A. B. Casses* — Colonial Press.

"WEEKLY LIST OF THE EXCHANGE & MARTIMORE HOWARD" — pamphlet.

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